

**EP87/SC1. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING
ROOM 1. DAY. MONTAGE**

HESTON, JIMMI, DANIEL, ZARA, EMMA, AL, SID, AYESHA,
RUHMA, MRS TEMBE, KAREN, VALERIE

[MUSIC STARTS: ‘ECHO & BOUNCE’ –
PROPELLERHEADS.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GLITTERY BOOTH IS
COMPLETED AND A COLOURFUL CHAIR PLACED IN
FRONT. (SEE SCENE 4).

BEAT. THE CHAIR SITS EMPTY.

THEN, AS THE MUSIC KICKS IN, WE SEE OUR
REGULARS, IN A SERIES OF RAPID, FLUID
SNAPSHOTS, APPROACH AND SIT IN THE CHAIR.

THEY DO SO IN THEIR INDIVIDUAL WAYS:

AYESHA - EXCITED, DANIEL - CONFIDENT, EMMA -
NONPLUSSED, HESTON - POLITE, JIMMI -
INTRIGUED, KAREN - HAPPY, RUHMA - BUSTLING,
SID - NERVOUS, MRS TEMBE - EMBARRASSED,
VALERIE - KEEN.

THE ONLY THING THEY HAVE IN COMMON IS THAT
THEY ALL HOLD SHOES.

(NB: THEY HAVE EITHER BROUGHT IN A PAIR OR
ARE BAREFOOT)

JIMMI HAS A FLIP FLOP; VALERIE, FRAMED BABY
SHOES; RUHMA, WORN BOOTS, THE SOLE FLAPPING
FROM THE TOE; ETC. UNTIL...

FINALLY, WE END ON ZARA. SHE TAKES OFF A PAIR
OF BLACK HEELS. SHE LOOKS LOST, DAZED, AS IF
SHE DOESN’T KNOW WHY SHE’S THERE...

SHE SITS IN THE CHAIR AND LOOKS AT US]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC2. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR/
SIDE ROOM. DAY. 08:30**

ZARA, ROB, CARLENE, REECE

NSE POLICE OFFICER, NSE HOSPITAL STAFF

[MUSIC OVER: ‘ECHO & BOUNCE’ –
PROPELLERHEADS.

A POISED ZARA MAKES HER WAY DOWN A
CORRIDOR IN ICU AND NODS A GREETING TO A
BORED ROB, WHO SITS ON A CHAIR GUARDING A
DOOR WITH ANOTHER NSE POLICE OFFICER.

ZARA LOOKS THROUGH THE DOOR WINDOW AT...

REECE, UNCONSCIOUS IN BED, ATTACHED TO
INTENSIVE CARE EQUIPMENT.

BY HIS SIDE, CARLENE, HOLDS HIS HAND, AND
STARES AT EVERY ASSISTED BREATH HE TAKES.

STEELING HERSELF, ZARA OPENS THE DOOR...]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC3. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. RECEPTION.
DAY. 09:00

AL, KAREN, VALERIE, PEGGY

NSE PATIENTS

[MUSIC OVER: ‘ECHO & BOUNCE’ –
PROPELLEURHEADS.

AL PUSHES THROUGH THE DOORS LEADING INTO
RECEPTION AND IS SURPRISED TO DISCOVER IT
FULL OF CHATTERING NSE PATIENTS.

KAREN AND VALERIE ARE TAKING DOWN DETAILS
AND FILLING IN FORMS (FILM RELEASE FORMS).

MOST OF THE PATIENTS HOLD SHOES.

PEGGY SUE (60’S), STRIKING IN A STYLISH PARKA,
IS NOTICEABLE BECAUSE SHE WEARS A PAIR OF
GLEAMING CHERRY RED DOC MARTINS.

ON AL, WHAT IS GOING ON?!]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC4. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CORRIDOR/CONSULTING ROOM 1. DAY. 09:02

AL, TRISTAM

NSE SOUND MAN

[MUSIC OVER: ‘ECHO & BOUNCE’ –
PROPELLEERHEADS.

CLOSE UP: A GLITTERY SIGN ABOVE THE DOOR OF
CONSULTING ROOM ONE – “THE JUST TALK
BOOTH.”

AL STARES AT IT OPEN-MOUTHED AS HE ENTERS
‘HIS’ ROOM TO DISCOVER...

IT HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A CAMP
GRAHAM NORTON-ESQUE BOOTH (USING FLATS)
WITH A COLOURFUL CHAIR CENTRE-STAGE LIT BY
BRIGHT LIGHTS.

AN NSE SOUND MAN SETS UP HIS EQUIPMENT, AS
TRISTAM KNIGHT (30’S) – THE DIRECTOR - LINES
UP THE CAMERA. THEY ARE ENJOYING THE MUSIC
PLAYING ON A STEREO.

AL IS GOBSMACKED. TRISTAM NOTICES HIM]

TRISTAM:

Brillopad! (AS IN ‘BRILLIANT’) Do you mind sitting?

AL:

What?

TRISTAM:

In the chair, there. The big red thing. So I can focus?

AL:

I’d rather not.

TRISTAM:

Oh, suit yourself then. Tell me you brought some shoes in though?

AL:

Shoes?

TRISTAM:

Things you wear on your feet?

AL:
(BEMUSED) No.

TRISTAM:
No? Are you lost?

[ON AL, PERPLEXED]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC5. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. SIDE ROOM/ CORRIDOR.
DAY. 09:02

ZARA, ROB, CARLENE, REECE

NSE POLICE OFFICER

[ZARA AND CARLENE SIT IN SILENCE.

REECE IS STILL AND UNRESPONSIVE.

THE WHIRR AND BEEP OF HIS LIFE SUPPORT
MACHINES (VENTILATOR/HEART MONITOR ETC.)
IS HYPNOTIC.

CARLENE YAWNS]

ZARA:

Would you like a coffee?

CARLENE:

(NODDING) Mmm. I'll go. Need to stretch my legs. I'm so achy. Can you keep an eye?

ZARA:

Of course.

[CARLENE STANDS, CHECKS HER BAG. TUTS]

CARLENE:

You got change?

ZARA:

I might. Hang on...

[ZARA CHECKS HER COAT THAT HANGS BY THE
DOOR]

ZARA:

... No. Maybe Sergeant Hollins... (TO ROB, IN CORRIDOR) Rob? Have you got change? Carlene wants a drink from the machine.

[ROB ENTERS, CHECKING HIS POCKETS]

ROB:

Yep. (TO CARLENE) I'll walk you. I need one too.

[ZARA WATCHES ROB AND CARLENE HEAD DOWN
THE DESERTED CORRIDOR]

[BEHIND HER, REECE'S ARMS SUDDENLY JERK AND TWITCH (THIS IS A MUSCLE SPASM – NOT A CONVULSION).

ZARA DOESN'T NOTICE THEM]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC6. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING
ROOM 1. DAY. 09:04**

RUHMA, TRISTAM (OOV)

[BOOTH: RUHMA SETTLES INTO THE CHAIR,
HOLDING A BAG]

TRISTAM (OOV):

Ready whenever you are.

[RUHMA LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA. SHE
PULLS HER WORN BOOTS FROM HER BAG]

RUHMA:

These are my boots. Look at the state of them. The sole's coming off at the toe, the heels worn, and, if I'm honest (SHE SNIFFS THEM) ... they're a bit whiffy. But I've had them for years. They're a part of me. They're the first pair I ever bought with my very own money. Not when I was young - they're not that old – but when... I left my husband. When I took my children and started again. A new life. Back then the children came first, of course. New school uniform, new shoes, books, all the usual stuff you need. We lived for a while, hand to mouth... no room for extras. Treats. But then... I saw these boots... I had to have them. They were out of my league. They cost a flipping fortune... I didn't have the money, so I started saving, week-by-week, pound by pound.

[RUHMA SMILES WRITINGLY]

RUHMA:

I used to pop into the shop on my lunch and just hold them! How sad is that?! Holding a pair of boots. As the weeks went by I realised that they were selling out and when I asked, I was told they weren't getting anymore in... that they were a 'discontinued line'. A discontinued line! These were my boots! How dare they! Anyway time passes and it gets down to the last pair in my size, so... I started moving them around the shop. Splitting them up so that nobody else could buy them! Finally, the day comes. I've got the money. I take my jar that I've been shoving my spare coins in, and go to the shop. I'm so excited... but when I get there.... They're gone. They're not there. And... I just burst into tears. Right there and then. I know they were only a pair of boots, but they were mine, and now somebody else was wearing them... I don't know what I must have looked like.... But then... I saw her. With her buggy, laden with shopping, strolling around looking at shoes, holding my boots. Now, this isn't me, it really isn't, and I still can't believe I did this.... but I casually started up this conversation with her, chit chat, chit chat... and I just happened to mention that this other store, round the corner, had this massive sale on... Now whether she believed me or not - or she was just freaked out because this unhinged, emotional women had come up to her and her baby - she left. Just like that. She walked out of the store, and as she went, she put down the boots.

[RUHMA HOLDS UP HER BOOTS WITH PRIDE]

RUHMA:

My boots. They remind me of a time when my children were young. And I love them in all their tatty glory.

CUT TO:

EP87/SC7. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR.
DAY. 09:06

ROB, CARLENE

NSE CRASH TEAM

[A COFFEE MACHINE COUGHS AND SPLITTERS
INTO A PLASTIC CUP.

ROB RETRIEVES IT AND HANDS IT TO CARLENE. HE
INSERTS MONEY FOR HIS COFFEE. THE MACHINE
STARTS TO COUGH AGAIN...

AN ALARM STARTS. PERSISTENT AND PIERCING.

DOORS FLING OPEN, AND A NSE CRASH TEAM
MATERIALISES. THEY SPRINT DOWN THE
CORRIDOR WITH A CRASH TROLLEY, PASSING
CARLENE AND ROB.

CARLENE KNOWS INSTINCTIVELY WHERE THEY
ARE GOING....

CLOSE UP: HER COFFEE HITS THE FLOOR]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC8. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. SIDE ROOM.
DAY. 09:08

ZARA, ROB, CARLENE, REECE

NSE CRASH TEAM

[THE ONLY SOUND IS THE ALARM: PIERCING, OVERWHELMING, RELENTLESS.

IN PAINFUL, SLOW MOTION:

CARLENE ARRIVES AT THE DOOR, SCREAMING FOR HER SON. ROB HOLDS HER BACK TO PREVENT HER GOING INTO THE ROOM, BUT SHE'S CLAWING AT THE DOOR FRAME, AS...

ZARA MAINTAINS CHEST COMPRESSIONS UP UNTIL THE MOMENT THAT SHE'S NUDGED ASIDE BY THE FRANTIC CRASH TEAM, AS...

DEFIBRILLATOR PADS ARE PLACED ON REECE'S BODY AND CHARGED, AS...

CLOSE UP: ZARA SHOCKED, STUNNED, WATCHING FOR A SIGN OF LIFE...

BUT THERE IS NOTHING]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC9. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. PRACTICE
MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY. 09:10**

AL, MRS TEMBE

[AN IRRITATED AL OFFLOADS TO MRS TEMBE]

AL:

...How is anybody supposed to do any work? It's like a circus out there!!
There's more wannabe stars than patients.

MRS TEMBE:

I am sorry you feel this way Doctor Haskey. Doctor Sharma organised it
before she left. It is to promote talking therapies...

AL:

How does being filmed by an artsy-fartsy director help anyone?

MRS TEMBE:

Doctor Knight is a respected psychologist...

AL:

Yeah, right.

MRS TEMBE:

He is. And his 'Just Talk' initiative has a proven track record. Would you
like to see his credentials?

[AL REINS HIMSELF IN]

AL:

...Fine.

MRS TEMBE:

It is mainly for patients, but Doctor Sharma requested that the staff
participate too. I sent a reminder and a consent form out. Did you not
receive them?

[AL DID, BUT FORGOT. HE LIES]

AL:

...I don't think so...

[MRS TEMBE SEES RIGHT THROUGH HIM]

MRS TEMBE:

I am sorry about that. But still, you are here, they are there, and I am sure
you have a story to tell us about the shoes that you are wearing, do you not?

AL:

No. I don't. This is a waste of time, money and a flippin' inconvenience. Why are they in my room?! Can't you tell them to go? Move them to Jimmi's room!

MRS TEMBE:

Unfortunately we are contractually obliged to have them here all day. And in actual fact, consulting room one is not yours, is it? It is a shared room.

AL:

I use it the most...

MRS TEMBE:

But not today. Today you are in room three.

[MRS TEMBE BEAMS.

ON AL, FRUSTRATED]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC10. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. RECEPTION.
DAY. 09:12

AL, RUHMA, VALERIE, PEGGY, RALPHY

NSE PATIENTS

[RECEPTION IS BUSY. NSE PATIENTS CHAT AND TALK. IT'S A BIT OF A SOCIAL EVENT.]

RALPHY ASPDEN (60S) – LOUD, GREGARIOUS, AND SMARTLY DRESSED – STANDS BY RUHMA ON THE PATIENT SIDE OF RECEPTION. VALERIE STANDS BEHIND THE COUNTER.

ON THE COUNTER, NEXT TO RUHMA'S DILAPIDATED BOOTS, ARE RALPHY'S GLEAMING COMBAT BOOTS]

RALPHY:

(ABOUT RUHMA'S BOOTS) My boots are over forty years old and look at the state of yours. You are a disgrace Sister Carter!

[RUHMA HOLDS UP HER HANDS, LAUGHING]

RUHMA:

I am, I agree!

VALERIE:

You need to get yourself to Wilton's, quick sticks.

RUHMA:

Wilton's?

RALPHY:

Oh yes, they're the best. Behind the Co-op. They can fix anything...

[RALPHY SPOTS A SCOWLING AL EXITING MRS TEMBE'S OFFICE]

RALPHY:

Morning, Doctor Haskey! I'm looking forward to hearing your story.

AL:

You'll be waiting a while, Ralphy.

RALPHY:

I'll wait. As long as it's funny!

[RALPHY CHUCKLES WITH RUHMA AND VALERIE,
AS A SCOWLING AL PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE
CROWDED ROOM.

RALPHY CATCHES PEGGY, HER OF THE RED DOC
MARTINS, SMILING AT HIM]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC11. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR/
SIDE ROOM. DAY. 10:00**

ZARA, ROB, CARLENE, REECE

NSE NURSING STAFF

[ROB IS ON THE PHONE TO THE STATION]

ROB:

(INTO PHONE) Yep, that's right. It's a murder case now....

[THROUGH THE WINDOW, ROB WATCHES ZARA
AND A BROKEN CARLENE.]

IN SILENCE, THEY WATCH REECE'S BODY AS A
SHEET IS PULLED OVER HIM BY NSE NURSING
STAFF.

CARLENE ROCKS BACK AND FORTH, LOST IN HER
OWN HELL]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC12. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING
ROOM 1. DAY. 09:15**

RALPHY

[RALPHY SITS UP IN THE CHAIR HOLDING HIS SPOTLESS BOOTS.

HE'S LOST IN THE MOMENT. BEAT]

RALPHY:

...It was the cold that got you. Biting, it was. Living in the open in the mid-winter's not nice, but over there... Jeez louise. Nuts like peanuts. I was the medic. I had to treat cases of trench foot before we even got engaged. I remember balling the lads out. 'Look after your boots, they'll look after you.' Everyone was scared though... It's barren there, you see? Not a lot of cover in the Falklands... so you're moving through these open spaces, at night, your adrenalin's pumping and you're listening for the crack of bullets. You're taught the difference between effective and ineffective fire. Effective is when you hear bullets in the air around your head. Get the hell down. Ineffective fire, you don't worry about, just keep going. Keep running. Anyway we're crossing this field, with bayonets attached to clear out the trenches. I was with Cal, my mate. A Durham toughy with a beautiful singing voice. And we're dropping into these enemy trenches and... sometimes they'd be empty and sometimes... they wouldn't. Cal was a better soldier than I was... He was just... better. I remember, this time, he pulled some Argie off me and I thought this is it - but he saved me and... he laughed. And I screamed at him – 'what's so ruddy funny'. And he points at my boots – 'Look at your boots, Ralphy. They look brand new.' And he was right. They were still shining. Amongst all of the mud and the.... Cal got shot the next morning. Nothing I could do.

[BEAT. RALPHY HOLDS UP HIS BOOTS]

RALPHY:

Thirty five years later and they still shine. When my wife was alive, she'd offer to clean them. I never let her because she refused to spit on them. And it's the only way to get a shine like this. Spit.

[RALPHY LAUGHS AND THEN BECOMES OVERLY EMOTIONAL]

RALPHY:

I wish I'd let her clean them now.

CUT TO:

EP87/SC13. EXT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. REAR PATIO.
DAY. 10:30

AL, TRISTAM

[AL IS ANNOYED TO DISCOVER TRISTAM HAVING A FAG ON HIS BENCH]

TRISTAM:

A secret vice man too, eh?

AL:

No secret.

TRISTAM:

I got kids. Little anti-smoking fascists. Got to hide the addiction. Get through a lot of mints.

[BEGRUDGINGLY, AL JOINS TRISTAM, SPARKS UP]

AL:

What do you do with the all footage?

TRISTAM:

Upload it onto a website about NHS talking therapies.

AL:

You must have a lot.

TRISTAM:

I do.

AL:

Sounds like a boring website. People mouthing off...

TRISTAM:

I don't use it all. Just some. I edit most. Create a montage of people talking. We all share stories.

AL:

Are there not better things for the NHS to spend money on?

TRISTAM:

It's not about the film. It's about the process. Coming together, feeling like you belong. It's about community.

[AL HARRUMPHS]

AL:

What have shoes got to do with anything?

TRISTAM:

Shoes are key. Far less daunting to ask someone to tell a story about a pair of shoes. Helps people talk. Do you know a patient called Ralphy Aspden?

AL:

I'm his GP. Ralphy doesn't need a pair of shoes to start talking. You can't shut him up.

TRISTAM:

Maybe.

AL:

What?

TRISTAM:

I filmed him earlier. He seemed vulnerable. Lonely, perhaps. It might be worth looking into?

[AL TAKES THIS ON BOARD]

AL:

I will. Thanks.

[AL STUBS OUT HIS FAG]

AL:

See ya.

TRISTAM:

What time shall I expect you in the booth?

AL:

Ten past never.

[AL HEADS OFF, HANDS THRUST IN POCKETS]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC14. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. RECEPTION.
DAY. 10:32

AL, KAREN, PEGGY, RALPHY

NSE PATIENTS

[ENTERING THE QUIETER RECEPTION, AL PICKS UP
SOME NOTES.

HE SPOTS RALPHY CHATTING ANIMATEDLY WITH
PEGGY. THEY ONLY HAVE EYES FOR EACH OTHER]

PEGGY:

...The carpets! It was like somebody had poured syrup over everything...

RALPHY:

I know! And you had to knock on the window to be let in after eleven...

PEGGY:

What was his name the landlord? The Irish bloke who never smiled.

RALPHY:

Brendan.

PEGGY:

Brendan! Worst dandruff in Solihull...

[AL WATCHES THEM LAUGH FOR A MOMENT.

HE LOOKS AT HIS FEET. A TIRED PAIR OF
TRAINERS.

SIGHING, HE SLOUCHES OFF]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC15. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. NURSES
TREATMENT ROOM. DAY. 14:01**

HESTON, RUHMA

[LUNCHTIME. HESTON DISCOVERS RUHMA
PUTTING HER COAT ON]

HESTON:

What would you say to me treating you to lunch?

RUHMA:

I'd say cobblers.

[RUHMA SMILES AT HIS REACTION]

RUHMA:

I'd love to, I've got get my boots fixed.

HESTON:

Couldn't you do that another day? I'm hungry.

[RUHMA PICKS UP ONE OF HER BOOTS FROM HER
BAG AND USES THE FLAPPY SOLE AS A MOUTH]

RUHMA:

Look at the state I'm in. I am a disgrace.

[DESPITE SMILING, HESTON FINDS HIMSELF
AFFECTED BY THE STATE OF RUHMA'S SHOES]

HESTON:

Why don't you buy a new pair?

RUHMA:

I don't want a new pair. I'll pick us up something nice for tea. Treat
yourself to a cheese roll.

[RUHMA KISSES HESTON, HEADS OFF.

ON HESTON]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC16. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING
ROOM 1. DAY. 14:03**

VALERIE, TRISTAM (OOV)

[BOOTH: VALERIE SITS IN THE CHAIR.

SHE HOLDS A BEAUTIFULLY FRAMED PAIR OF CHILD'S SHOES WITH THE ERNEST HEMMINGWAY QUOTE WRITTEN ALONGSIDE THEM: 'FOR SALE: BABY SHOES, NEVER WORN.'

VALERIE:

This art project was the only time I ever got an 'A' in my entire school career... and it was a lie. Look at me. I'm not 'A' material. Never have been. I'm a C at best. Maybe a C plus, if I really try. School was funny for me. Not funny ha-ha, more funny getting-thumped-in-the-toilets by the cool girls with the perms and flicks. I certainly couldn't cope with school now. It's one thing to be bullied at school, but to get cyber-bullied at home as well. No thank you very muchly. Anyway, back in the day, pre-tinternet, I was drifting. A bit of a loner, didn't have many friends, and I guess my schoolwork reflected that. I think it frustrated my dad. In fact, I know it did. It used to drive him nuts. Still, you are what you are, aren't you? Anyway, he was lovely my dad, and he'd encourage me with the school stuff, and when I got this art project on 'loss', cheery stuff for the kids, he came up with the idea of using the Hemmingway quote and pulled down a pair of my old baby shoes from the loft and left me to get on with it. Later, he found me crying at the kitchen table. Somehow, in the creative process, I'd managed to superglue one hand to my forehead, and the other to my hair, like this...

[VALERIE DEMONSTRATES]

VALERIE:

Not my finest moment. So dad takes me to A&E to get me unstuck and by the time we get back, I'm so exhausted I just clamber off to bed. Next morning, I come down for breakfast – with a chunk of my hair missing where they had to cut my hand free, thanks NHS, Vidal Sassoon you are not – and dad's gone to work already. But sitting on the breakfast table is my finished art project. Mounted and framed and it is beautiful. A month later, my dad's sitting at the prize giving while I'm picking up the award for best project in the school. We both knew it was all him, but neither of us ever told a soul. It was a real father and daughter connection moment, you know?

[BEAT]

TRISTAM (OOV):

Do you have children?

[VALERIE CONSIDERS THE QUESTION]

VALERIE:
No. I don't.

CUT TO:

EP87/SC17. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR.
DAY. 14:10

ZARA, AUSTIN (OOV)

[DRAINED, ZARA SPEAKS TO DANIEL ON THE PHONE (ONE-SIDED)]

ZARA:

I'm not hungry. I'm fine... (BEAT) I don't know, how can I leave her? She's on her own. She's not even talking...

[SHE HEARS SOMETHING. SHOUTING. COMING FROM THE NURSES' STATION]

AUSTIN (OOV):

...I don't believe you... You're lying!

ZARA:

Daniel, I've got to go. Something's going on....

[SHE HANGS UP AND WE FOLLOW HER AS SHE HURRIES TO...]

AUSTIN (OOV):

No! ...You're all lying... I won't be quiet, I won't...

CUT TO:

EP87/SC18. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. NURSES STATION.
DAY. 14:10

ZARA, AUSTIN, CARLENE

NSE NURSES, NSE PATIENTS, NSE SECURITY GUARDS

[A COMMOTION.]

AUSTIN IS IN A BLIND FURY SHOUTING AT AN NSE NURSE. SHOCKED NSE PATIENTS LOOK ON]

AUSTIN:

...Where is he?! Where's my brother?! What have you done with him?

[THE NURSE DOESN'T RESPOND. AUSTIN SWIPES THE DESK, PAPERS FLY]

AUSTIN:

Tell me!

ZARA:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Austin?

[AUSTIN TURNS TO ZARA. A FACE HE KNOWS]

ZARA:

You need to stop this.

[AUSTIN'S FURY STALLS]

AUSTIN:

He isn't in his room... and they said... they said... that... he died and that... but they've moved him, haven't they? They've just... they're going to make it all right, aren't they?

[ZARA SHAKES HER HEAD]

ZARA:

I'm sorry.

[OVERWHELMED, AUSTIN CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR, AS...]

NSE SECURITY GUARDS RUSH IN]

ZARA:

(STOPPING THEM) It's all right. We're all right. (TURNING TO NURSE) We're all right, aren't we?

[NERVOUS, THE NURSE NODS]

ZARA:

(TO GUARDS) See? He just got some bad news, but we're okay now.

[THE SECURITY GUARDS HOLD OFF, BUT STAY CLOSE. ONE REPORTS QUIETLY INTO HIS RADIO.]

ZARA BENDS DOWN TO AUSTIN, WHO SITS AMONGST THE SCATTERED PIECES OF PAPER]

ZARA:

Austin?

AUSTIN:

...I want my brother.

ZARA:

I know. I can take you to see him, if you like. Would you like that?

[AUSTIN NODS, TEARS STREAMING]

ZARA:

Let's get you up...

[ZARA HELPS AUSTIN TO HIS FEET.]

AS SHE DOES SHE REALISES THAT SOMEONE HAS ENTERED: IT'S CARLENE]

AUSTIN:

Mum?

[BUT CARLENE DOESN'T RESPOND. SHE'S IN SHOCK. INSTEAD, SHE STARTS PICKING UP THE PIECES OF PAPER FROM THE FLOOR. ONE, TWO, THREE...]

IT'S AWKWARD. AUSTIN DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. ZARA STEPS FORWARD]

ZARA:

Carlene? You don't have to do that... I'll take them. Here...

[SHE GENTLY TAKES THE PAPER FROM CARLENE.]

A BEAT. THEN, SUDDENLY, CARLENE BECOMES AWARE OF HER SURROUNDINGS... DISTRESSED, SHE OPENS HER ARMS TO HER SON]

[ZARA WATCHES AS AUSTIN IS ENVELOPED IN HER
EMBRACE]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC19. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING
ROOM 1. DAY. MONTAGE**

**HESTON, JIMMI, DANIEL, EMMA, SID, AYESHA, RUHMA, MRS
TEMBE, KAREN, VALERIE, PEGGY**

[MUSIC OVER: ‘ECHO & BOUNCE’ –
PROPELLERHEADS.

BOOTH: IN SLOW MOTION, PEGGY DANCES IN HER
CHERRY RED DOC MARTINS IN THE FRONT OF THE
CHAIR. SHE’S A GOOD MOVER.

THIS IS CUT WITH A FUN, SURREAL MASH-UP OF
OUR REGULARS HOLDING SHOES (NOT ZARA OR
AL) CUT TOGETHER SO THAT IT APPEARS THAT
THEY START AND FINISH EACH OTHER’S
SENTENCES]

HESTON:

...It's all about the size...

KAREN:

...But not everyone thinks that. Some like it...

EMMA:

...Quickly. And my heart was pounding...

JIMMI:

...Like a doughnut. But without the jam...

DANIEL:

...Boom! Boom shake the room...

HESTON:

...mine are quite small. What do you think?

MRS TEMBE:

...I could eat them all day...

JIMMI:

..and lick the sugar off...

AYESHA:

...Delicious. But I knew...

VALERIE:

..that if I did...

DANIEL:

What's his name? You know who I mean, from...

RUHMA:

...that nice store with the big...

SID:

...but perfectly formed...

RUHMA:

...Frontage.

DANIEL:

...Will Smith! That's it!

SID:

Oh yes, please.

[ON SID, SIGHING WITH PLEASURE.

MUSIC CUTS]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC20. EXT. HOSPITAL MORTUARY. DAY. 15:30

ZARA, CARLENE, AUSTIN,

[ZARA SITS WITH CARLENE AND AUSTIN ON A BENCH.

CARLENE IS MOTIONLESS. AUSTIN RIPPLES WITH ENERGY.

THERE IS A LONG, LONG BEAT OF NOTHING. (THEY HAVE JUST SEEN REECE'S BODY).

AUSTIN BREAKS THE SILENCE]

AUSTIN:

How long will he have to stay here?

ZARA:

It's a while before the police can release the body. They need to perform a post mortem.

AUSTIN:

Why?

ZARA:

To find the cause of death.

AUSTIN:

He was stabbed.

[CARLENE SHUDDERS]

ZARA:

They need to collect as much information as they can. To build their case. They're very respectful though, I promise.

[BEAT]

AUSTIN:

Will you testify?

ZARA:

Of course.

AUSTIN:

Say it.

[CARLENE PUTS A CALMING HAND ON HER SON]

CARLENE:

Austin...

AUSTIN:

I need to hear her say it.

ZARA:

I'll testify. I will do everything in my power to bring justice to whoever did this. I promise.

[AUSTIN BELIEVES HER.]

A LONG BEAT. A RANDOM CAR DRIVES PAST]

ZARA:

Carlene, I'm sorry, but I've got to go...

[CARLENE LOOKS AT ZARA]

ZARA:

I'm away for a few days and...

CARLENE:

It's all right, Zara. I understand. You've done so much. Thank you. For everything. For being there. For being kind, and... for being the last person he saw... I'm glad it was you.

[CARLENE HUGS ZARA]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC21. EXT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CAR PARK.
DAY. 18:02

MRS TEMBE, TRISTAM

NSE SOUNDMAN

[END OF DAY - DUSK. WITH THE HELP OF THE SOUNDMAN, TRISTAM LOADS THE EQUIPMENT INTO HIS VAN]

TRISTAM:

Outstanding! We got great stories from the patients, and loads from the staff... Thanks for getting them involved. Made our job a whole lot easier.

MRS TEMBE:

My pleasure. I am glad that it has gone well. Did Doctor Haskey contribute anything?

TRISTAM:

Not a sausage. Some people just aren't talkers.

[ON MRS TEMBE, DISAPPOINTED]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC22. INT. CARTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 19:30

HESTON, RUHMA

[RUHMA COOKS. SHE IS NOT IN UNIFORM.

BUT SHE IS IN A GOOD MOOD, SINGING ‘NEW SHOES’ BY PAOLO NUTINI, AND STRUTTING AROUND IN HER GOOD-AS-NEW BOOTS]

RUHMA:

(SINGING) ...Hey, I put some new shoes on and suddenly everything is right... I said, hey, I put some new shoes on and everybody’s smiling...

[HESTON SMILES AT HER]

HESTON:

I’m going to freshen up for dinner.

RUHMA:

It won’t be long. Be quick.

CUT TO:

EP87/SC23. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING ROOM 1. DAY.

ZARA, TRISTAM (OOV)

[THE ACTION IS FAST FORWARDED, PAUSED, AND THEN PLAYS... (NB: THIS IS TRISTAM EDITING).]

BOOTH: A FRAZZLED, ZARA TAKES OFF HER BLACK HEELS. SHE'S LOST, DAZED, AS IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHY SHE'S THERE...

SHE SITS IN THE CHAIR AND LOOKS AT US]

TRISTAM (OOV):

You don't have to do this, you know. I heard about your day...

ZARA:

I'm fine.

TRISTAM (OOV):

But seriously, if you don't...

[ZARA GLARES]

ZARA:

I'm here. I promised Mrs Tembe. Let's just get on with it.

[BEAT]

TRISTAM (OOV):

Right. We're ready when you are.

[ZARA STEELS HERSELF. PUTS ON A SMILE]

ZARA:

Hi... Hello. So, my shoes. These shoes, that I wore today...my friend, Emma, calls them my cowbag shoes. She calls them that because... I was wearing them when we got chased by cows through a field, and I fell in this puddle of god-knows-what... not my most glamorous moment but it did kick start an important friendship and I'm glad of that because...

[ZARA BECOMES EMOTIONAL]

ZARA:

Because everyone... needs... friends and... (TO TRISTAM) Damn it! That's trite... rubbish... sorry. Shall we do it again?

TRISTAM (OOV):

Do you want to?

[A LONG BEAT.]

ZARA BARELY HOLDS IT TOGETHER]

ZARA:

...Actually, no... I don't. I'm sure there's something you can use there, isn't there?

TRISTAM (OOV):

I'm sure there is.

ZARA:

Good. I'm... I need to go.

[SHE STANDS]

TRISTAM (OOV):

Thank you.

ZARA:

What?

TRISTAM (OOV):

For dropping in. Thank you.

ZARA:

Oh. Right. Right.

[ZARA HURRIES OUT OF SHOT.]

ON: THE EMPTY CHAIR]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC24. INT. CARTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 20:05

RUHMA

[DINNER ON THE TABLE, CANDLES LIT, BUT
THERE'S NO HESTON]

RUHMA:
(CALLING OUT) Heston?

CUT TO:

EP87/SC25. INT. CARTER HOUSE. HALL. NIGHT. 20:05

RUHMA

[RUHMA HEADS DOWN THE HALL]

RUHMA:

Heston? This is a long shower even for you. You'll be pruned all over. Dinner's ready...

CUT TO:

EP87/SC26. INT. CARTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 20:06

HESTON, RUHMA

[RUHMA ENTERS TO FIND HESTON, IN DRESSING GOWN, GOING THROUGH HER WARDROBE.

HE HAS PULLED OUT MOST OF HER CLOTHES AND LAID THEM ON THE BED]

RUHMA:

(LIGHT) Oh dear god, please, tell me this isn't that moment?

HESTON:

What moment?

RUHMA:

The moment when you come out as a cross dresser. You know none of them will fit?

HESTON:

What?! Of course not!

RUHMA:

Then what are you doing with my clothes?

HESTON:

Looking at them.

RUHMA:

Right. Still slightly odd. Why?

HESTON:

When was the last time you bought anything new?

RUHMA:

Our wedding.

HESTON:

I don't mean that – I mean everyday clothes.

[RUHMA SHRUGS]

RUHMA:

No idea.

HESTON:

I didn't think so.

RUHMA:

And?

[HESTON TAKES HER HANDS, SMILING]

HESTON:

I want to treat you.

RUHMA:

To what?

HESTON:

A complete new wardrobe. Take a day off and I'll get you a personal shopper. Three thousand should cover it. Call it a belated wedding present.

[RUHMA, STUNNED, LETS GO OF HIS HANDS]

RUHMA:

What are you talking about?

HESTON:

What do you mean?

RUHMA:

Who spends three thousand pounds on clothes? People don't do that.

[HESTON BACKTRACKS]

HESTON:

That was crass. Sorry...

RUHMA:

Try living in the real world. Three thousand pounds?! Are you mad?

HESTON:

Forget the three thousand pounds! That was a mistake. I meant... I meant, I care for you, I want to spoil you. I have money, you need new clothes.

RUHMA:

I need new clothes?

[HESTON WISHES HE HADN'T STARTED THIS]

HESTON:

I'm messing up here... I don't mean to upset you. Really, I don't. Listen, why don't we set up a joint account? Then we don't have to have these awful conversations; and you can just take whatever money you need whenever you need it.

[RUHMA BRISTLES]

RUHMA:

I didn't marry you for your money.

HESTON:

I know you didn't....

RUHMA:

I earn my own!

HESTON:

I know you do...

RUHMA:

It might not be as much as you, but it's enough. You haven't had to worry about money for a day in your life, you have no idea how it feels like to save for an item and treasure it. These are my clothes. They might not be up to your high standards, but I bought them. Now if you don't mind, I'd like you to put them back where you found them. I'm going to eat my dinner.

[RUHMA LEAVES.

ON HESTON]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC27. INT. EDITING SUITE. NIGHT. 21:00

TRISTAM

[A BEAT. THEN...

CLOSE UP: A MONITOR.

THE STORIES FROM THE BOOTH BEING FAST
FORWARDED.

SUDDENLY, WE SEE A FAMILIAR FACE FLASH UP –
AL'S (INSERT SCENE 28). HE SITS IN THE CHAIR
TALKING. THE SCREEN FREEZES.

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL: A PUZZLED TRISTAM IN
THE GLOOM OF AN EDITING SUITE.

HE IS SURPRISED TO SEE AL. HE REWINDS THE
TAPE, PRESSES PLAY...]

CUT TO:

EP87/SC28. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING ROOM 1. DAY.

AL

[BOOTH: THE CAMERA SHAKES AS AL TURNS ON THE CAMERA AND GOES AND SITS IN THE CHAIR.

HE'S AWKWARD. HE LOOKS AROUND AT ALL THE GLITTER...]

AL:

This is ridiculous. How does this help people talk? Total nonsense. So, right... You're on lunch and I thought what the heck. I'll try and talk to you about my shoes...

[HE TAKES OFF A TRAINER AND HOLDS IT UP]

AL:

This is my trainer... It's a... trainer. Made in... (LOOKING INSIDE) Vietnam! Or 'Fabrique Au Vietnam' as it says here. It's a size 11, or 46 in continental money. It's made with a synthetic fibre, leather upper, and has a rubber sole. It's blue and... This is a waste of time. I'm sure you're a very nice person Tristam, but really? I'm a grown man.... I can't do this.

[HE GETS UP AND TURNS THE CAMERA OFF.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK, BUT THEN...

IT COMES BACK ON AGAIN.

AL GOES AND SITS BACK DOWN.

A LONG BEAT]

AL:

I just remembered this thing... I talked to my mum on the phone the other day about everything... and nothing. When dad was around we didn't have much to say to each other... but this was different. We were being honest. I told her that I know that she doesn't get me and I know dad didn't either, I mean we really had nothing in common, him and me, but I told her that I'd try and ring her every week or so from now on. She said, make sure you do. And I said, I will. And then just before we hung up, she said you do have something in common with your dad, you know. What's that, I said. She laughed and said your feet. You both have size 11 feet.

[MUSIC STARTS OVER: THE END OF 'ECHO & BOUNCE' – PROPELLERHEADS]

AL HOLDS UP HIS TRAINER AND STARES AT US.

A BEAT. THEN...]

CUT TO:

**EP87/SC29. INT. ST PHIL'S HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR/
SIDE ROOM. DAY.**

CARLENE

NSE POLICE OFFICER

[MUSIC OVER: THE END OF ‘ECHO & BOUNCE’ –
PROPELLERHEADS.

CLOSE UP: A PAIR OF TRAINERS (WITH BLOOD
STAINS) HELD TO A WOMAN’S CHEST.

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL: THE WOMAN IS
CARLENE, AND THE TRAINERS ARE REECE’S.

AN NSE POLICE OFFICER APPEARS (NB: WE STAY
ON CARLENE THE OFFICER IS BARELY SEEN).

THE OFFICER GENTLY PRISES THE TRAINERS AWAY
FROM CARLENE AND PLACES THEM IN A CLEAR
EVIDENCE BAG.

CARLENE FIGHTS HER EMOTIONS]

**[SERIAL HOOK: THE POLICE OFFICER GOES,
TAKING THE SHOES, LEAVING CARLENE
BEREFT]**

END OF EPISODE